

THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

VOLUME VII. No. 19

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FEBRUARY 4, 1917

The Real Test.

BY WINIFRED ARNOLD.

THERE'S many a battle you've got to fight
Ere you win to your goal, Success;
But Victory's sure if your hearts are right:
You will stand at last on the mountain's
height
Forgetful of strain and stress.

But now while the battle is on below,
With enemies strong to beat,
The way that you fight when you meet the foe
Doesn't really matter as much, you know,
As the way that you face defeat.

Do you blanch and quiver and wear the rue?
Do you cry, "We can never win!"
Or do you rise with a courage new,
And a heart that flames with a faith more
true?
Do you face your foe with a grin?

And behind that grin do you ask, "Just how
Can I better my aim, and where?"
If you do, you're as sure of your laurels now
As you'll be when they measure your "victor's
brow"
For the crown it is bound to wear.

For the man that flashes a cheery smile
In the face of the worst Defeat
And says: "All right. We will rest a while
Till I've planned out my next one in A-
style,"
You know that he can't be beat!

The Hero of Silver Creek.

BY ERSKINE M. HAMILTON.

"DID I ever tell you about the hero of Silver Creek?" asked Uncle Ben. Uncle Ben's early life had been that of a pioneer, and his stories of adventure greatly interested the children. A group had gathered in the old man's cabin, and were beseeching for a story,—an Indian story, of course.

"No, we never heard it. Please tell it, Uncle Ben."

"Well, you see, I was a boy of fourteen at the time, and was living with my parents at Silver Creek settlement. The settlement was made up of a cluster of log houses and a general store, with a stockade built around it. The most of the settlers lived up and down the creek, but it was understood, of course, that in case of an Indian outbreak they were all to rush to the stockade for protection. Things had been pretty quiet the first part of that year, but along in early summer a runner from the government fort, about five miles away, came in and said the redskins were on the rampage. Some unscrupulous trader had let them have whiskey, and they were out on the warpath, killing the settlers and burning property. And here was where the hero came in."

"Who was the hero?" asked an eager voice.



SOME INDIAN CHIEFS.

"Why, me, of course," answered Uncle Ben, laughing. "I assure you that I didn't intend to be a hero, and wouldn't have been one if I could have helped it. I did what I did because I was just a boy,—older heads might not have attempted it. We were not living in the stockade at the time,—my father's cabin was about a half-mile away. When the runner came with news of the outbreak, I happened to be at the general store, and I scurried home to tell father and mother. I heard the cannon fired as I ran, a signal to warn the settlers, so when I reached home I found my parents already making preparations to leave. Of course we could take away only a few things; other valuables we had to hide in places where they might not be discovered. The animals we turned loose in the woods. When we were about to start, I happened to think of Widow Springer, who lived a mile or two farther down the creek.

"There's Widow Springer! She's deaf as a post, and never heard that cannon fired!" I exclaimed excitedly.

"You're right, my boy," answered my father. "Some one must go and warn her. I don't know of any one to send but you."

"My mother objected, but I declared I wasn't afraid, and my father thought there was no immediate danger. As I passed out through a shed at the back of our cabin I noticed an old saber with belt and scabbard hanging on a nail, also a cavalryman's cap. They belonged to my uncle, who had formerly been in the army. Boy-like I wanted to look as fierce and soldier-like as possible, so I buckled on the belt with saber and scabbard, placed the cap on my head, and started out to catch Dick. Dick was a fiery young stallion, and many a mad race I had made on his back. Fortunately I soon had him saddled and bridled, and dashed

away toward the widow's home with my saber and scabbard rattling and jingling at every jump. On and on I sped until I came to where the road made a sharp turn. Just around this turn was Widow Springer's cabin.

"To make my news impressive, I drew my saber, stood up in the stirrups, and with a yell dashed around the corner at full speed. The sight that met my eyes nearly paralyzed me, and I would have given anything to have been in some other place. The Indians were there—dancing around poor Widow Springer, who had been captured unawares. They had just set fire to the cabin, I could see that, and I tried to turn Dick and make my escape. But it was too late. Dick wouldn't turn. Whether the sight of the dancing Indians or the smell of the burning wood excited him, I don't know, but he kept straight on. In sheer desperation I waved my saber again and yelled at the top of my voice."

"Did the Indians shoot at you?"

"Shoot at me? Indeed, they did not," laughed Uncle Ben. "They were as badly scared as I was. Evidently they thought I was the advance of a troop of Uncle Sam's cavalry, for they dropped Widow Springer like a hot biscuit and ran for their horses. In a moment they were gone. I tell you, I felt better when I saw them go. Widow Springer wasn't hurt any—only badly frightened—and I soon put the fire out and saved her cabin. Only the outside logs were scorched a little. The next thing would be to get to the stockade as soon as possible, the widow and I agreed on that. There would be no time to save anything. The Indians might discover their mistake and return at any moment. I was afraid to put the widow on Dick, as he might throw her, so, taking him by the bridle, we started off on foot.

"We had gone but a little way when we heard a bugle call, and a troop of cavalry came in sight. Glad to see them? Indeed, we were. Widow Springer told of her rescue, praising me for the way I dashed down and frightened off the Indians; of course she didn't know that it was Dick who did the dashing instead of me. I told the officer in command how it happened, but he laughed and said I was a brave boy, anyway. He detailed some men to take us to the stockade, and the people there praised me for what I had done. They said I was the hero of Silver Creek—even if I was one in spite of myself. So there's your Indian story."

The Day of the Winter Turtle.

"ALL out for the Cranberry Country," shouted the Captain up the staircase. It was so early on a Saturday morning that the winter sky was just beginning to redden in the east. Then he whistled the red-bird note, the adventure call of the Band. Followed the instantaneous thump of Trottie's bare feet on the floor, an answering whistle from Henny-Penny that sounded like a small steam-siren, a squeal from Alice-Palace's room, a shout from the Third, and last a long yawn from the unhurrying Honey. The Band was aroused.

"Skates and sweaters," were the marching orders. There was the sound of hasty splashing and brushings and scrubbings from the upper bathrooms. Twenty minutes later the Band was met around the breakfast-table, full five strong besides the Captain, who in private life went under the alias of "father." Mother was an honorary member. So was long-suffering Mary, the cook, by virtue of many a holiday breakfast cooked at a moment's notice before daylight.

"Don't you go to the office to-day, father?" inquired the thoughtful Third. He was nicknamed the Third because he had the same name as the Captain and the Captain's father, whom they all called Pater.

"When the bogs are frozen,
And the weather's fine,
No indoor work
For me or mine!"

loudly declaimed the Captain with wonderful gestures, like Trottie speaking a piece on a Friday afternoon.

"I made up that beautiful poem," he announced when the Band had stopped laughing. "Moreover that's the law, and I wouldn't dare break it."

"I guess you made up that law too," said mother, who was always pretending to scold the Captain because he left his law-office so often to take trips with the Band.

"Well, it's a good law, anyway," returned the Captain, taking a long breath. "All those in favor of it make a loud noise."

If there had sounded one more vote in the affirmative, the windows would undoubtedly have been blown out. As it was, Mary came rushing in with a dipper of water under the impression that her favorite fear of a fire had at last come to pass, and mother said, when she took her hands off her ears, that she was deaf for life. The Captain, however, who had made the loudest noise of all, announced that the Holiday Bill was carried by a very close vote.

Two hours later found the whole Band in a new country. Underfoot was snowy sand. Overhead were low pines whose stiff needles

February's Hall of Fame.

BY DAISY D. STEPHENSON.

(For five children carrying flags.)

ALL:

When little February comes,
We hear the sound of fifes and drums.
Our flags unfurl from East to West,
For heroes that we love the best;
And other friends, both great and true,
Belong, oh, little month, to you!

FIRST CHILD:

I bring a garland fadeless, fair,
To honor one whose courage rare,
Whose heart of gold, and sympathy,
Made Lincoln loved from sea to sea.

SECOND CHILD:

St. Valentine, whom all held dear,
Sent kindly messages of cheer
His friends to greet. And so we, too,
Reminders send of love so true.

THIRD CHILD:

For Lowell, too, we bring a flower,
And praise his genius and his power;
With hearty tribute, here we meet,
His anniversary to greet.

FOURTH CHILD:

We wave on high our banner free,
For one who gave us liberty!
Each glorious stripe and starry fold—
Fling out for Washington, the Bold!

FIFTH CHILD:

I bring my memory wreath entwined
For Longfellow, the poet kind.
How oft and gladly we repeat
His songs, so simple and so sweet.

ALL:

Oh, February, winter-born,
Bright gems your snowy crown adorn!
With poets great, and patriots true,
A happy Memory month are you!

came in clusters of threes and cedars with rounded instead of pointed leaves. The captain told them that the pines were the pitch pines instead of the white pines to which they were accustomed, and that the cedars were white instead of red cedars. Then there were thickets of little oak trees not more than three feet high, with three-cornered leaves with a little thorn at each corner, and others with ridged bark and leaves that looked like chestnut leaves. The first of these, he said, were the scrub-oak, and every tree in spite of its size was a full-grown tree, perhaps many years old; while the other was the chestnut-leaved oak.

Another tree the Third, who is a boy scout, said was a black oak. He told by cutting a piece out of the bark with his bowie-knife (it was really a jack-knife, but the Third always speaks of it as a bowie). The inner bark showed bright yellow, and the Third said that was the sign of a black oak. Alice-Palace said it ought to have been black, and that for her part she intended to call the tree the yellow oak. There was quite an argument until the Captain said that the Third was right, and showed them also a white oak which had a whitish-gray bark. Then beside a brook they found a plant that looked like a vine climbing up a bush. Its

leaves were of a fresh green, untouched by the frost, and grew on a stiff, brittle stem that looked as if it were fine-drawn copper wire. The leaves themselves were like flat green hands, each with three, four, or five fingers and a thumb. They were beautifully marked with a pattern of fine lines, and both the texture and the color were different on the under side.

The Captain told them that the plant was the rare climbing-fern, which like the Christmas fern keeps green all winter.

Finally the bog was reached, a sheet of ice like black glass. Around it ran dykes which when crossed showed a chain of other bogs that stretched for miles through the woods. It was wonderful skating. In and out among the trees they went, following ditches through mile-long marshes, circling ringing little lakes that gleamed like mirrors made of green jade, and gliding cautiously over treacherous places where the warm, yellow-green sphagnum moss had made the ice soft.

After a while they all cut hockey sticks, and the Captain taught them how to make perfect ones by bending down saplings and building a fire underneath the bent part, which straightway thereafter stayed bent. Then they played "keep-away" with an old doorknob for a puck, which providentially was found in Henny-Penny's pocket, along with about four pounds of other bric-a-brac. Then came hill-dill and cross-tag.

But after all, the best fun was the Speedway Fast Freight. The Captain would start first, and behind him all the Band would be strung out holding on to each other's hockey sticks in a line. The train would whiz down the long level ditches, whirl squealingly around sharp corners and in and out among the bushes and trees, losing a car now and then when the turns were too sharp or the speed too great.

It was by one of these accidents to the Speedway Fast Freight that Alice-Palace made a great scientific discovery. She had been the little caboose, which is always found at the end of all well-regulated freight trains. When the fast freight zipped in and out among some patches of dangleberry bushes at the far end of the marsh, the coupling broke, or the brakes locked, or there was a hot-box, or some other railroad calamity occurred. At any rate the wheels of the little caboose left the tracks, and she overturned with a startling bump as the train disappeared around the corner.

There was a piercing shriek of distress, and the Fast Freight came to a standstill and was hastily organized into a wrecking train which back-tracked its way to the accident. As they came within sight of the wreck they noted that the little caboose lay prostrate face downward on the clear ice. The Captain shot away from the rest of the Band as if they were anchored—for under the martial sternness necessary to control the desperate characters who followed his fortunes, the Captain concealed a certain amount of affection for the youngest of the Band.

"What's the matter, Alice?" he called anxiously as she still lay face downwards even when he reached her.

"Turties," responded Alice muffledly, with her mouth close to the ice.

"What," questioned the Captain bewilderedly.

"Turties, nice crawly turties, two of 'em," repeated Alice, pointing a mittened forefinger downward.

Sure enough, before the delighted eyes of the whole Band there they were! Two turtles about the size of the Captain's hand were moving with quick strokes under the clear ice here and there, in plain sight through little thickets of golden-green water-weed. It was a delight to watch the swift, effortless way in which they moved, so different from the painstaking progress of a turtle on land. At each alternate stroke the little legs, armed with long curved claws, would float loose without any resistance to the water until in position again for another stroke.

"Just as if he were swimming the 'crawl,'" said the Third.

"He is," said the Captain, "he invented it."

The backs of both swimmers were olive-black in color. Around the edge of the upper shell was a loud pattern of yellow-bordered vermilion shields and bars and crescents, while their heads were striped with bright yellow, and their necks with yellow and red.

"They look all painted," remarked Henny-Penny, nearly freezing his little nose against the ice.

"That's their name, 'Painted Turtle,'" said the Captain, "only they're really terrapin, and they belong to the same family as the diamond-backed terrapin, which is worth its weight in silver."

"Terrapin," he explained, "are fresh-water turtles which are good to eat."

For a long time the Band watched them swim around. Not a look did the turtles give to their audience, even when they rapped hard on the ice above them.

"I always thought until to-day," soliloquized the Captain, "and all the books say, that turtles hibernate in winter under the mud like water-snakes and frogs."

It was Henny-Penny who put an end to this research work.

"It's lunch-time by my tummy."

"Mine too," shouted the rest of the Band.

"Your tummies are fast," objected the Captain, "it's only half-past eleven."

His watch, however, was unanimously overruled by the more accurate time-keepers, and in a few moments the whole Band was on the bank of one of the bogs. A long dry log made a good seat. In front was a dead stump. Against this the fire was built so that its hollow side would reflect the heat. My, how good everything did taste! Never were there such chops and such delicious strips of bacon as the Captain drew out of one of the pockets of his shooting-jacket, all wrapped up in tissue paper. These the Band roasted on long sharp sticks. And when he drew out packages of cluster-raisins, and handfuls of nuts, which the Band cracked lingeringly on the log with round pebbles, the lunch became a feast.

The winter-sun was westering well down the sky when the Band finally started back, and the stars were out when they reached home, and mother, and—supper.

SAMUEL SCOVILLE, JR.,
in *Sunday School Times*.

"Father," said the youthful seeker after knowledge, "why do words have roots?"

"I suppose, my son," answered the weary parent, "so the language can grow."

Onward.

"In our hearts lies the El Dorado we scour the world to find."

Siu's Tenement Home in Borneo.

BY VLYN JOHNSON.

IN THREE PARTS. PART I.

SIU was the youngest son of a great Dyak chief. The people of Borneo call themselves Dyaks. Siu was as brown as the brown people of other Pacific islands, but somewhat larger for his age.

"Father, let us speak to that boy," was Geoffrey's request as he was driving one day in the neighborhood of Siu's home.

"Where do you suppose he lives?" asked the little American lad, who was having the unusual privilege of traveling with his father in this and other Asiatic lands.

"In a tenement house in the jungle," was the astonishing answer.

"The Dyaks don't have tenement houses, father!" exclaimed Geoffrey, at the same time giving his father a sidelong glance. He knew there was truth somewhere in his father's remark, for it was made seriously.

"Yes, but for a different reason than ours. In America, we usually build houses for more than one family in order to save space. At any rate that is one very good reason, especially in New York City."

"But we live in an 'apartment house,' said Geoffrey.

"We call it that to distinguish the better class of house from the 'tenement' of the East Side. But every house built to hold more than one family is really a tenement. And this brown boy you will find lives in a tenement with maybe two or three hundred families."

"Even if his father is very rich?"

"Yes, even if his father is a great chief. The Dyaks build their houses for protection against hostile tribes. If our interpreter finds that this lad will let us go to his home to-morrow, and if you will be careful to be polite and not smile at things just because they seem strange to you, I think you and he might quite enjoy the visit."

"Oh, please let us ask him," was Geoffrey's eager reply.

Siu was asked and proved much pleased at the idea. That is how the American boy came to have such an interesting visit in Siu's home the next day.

As they came in sight of the house, Geoffrey looked quite as surprised as his father had expected. Instead of being a very high building, the kind one sees in New York and other large American cities, it was a long, one-storied house.

"It is enormous, isn't it?"

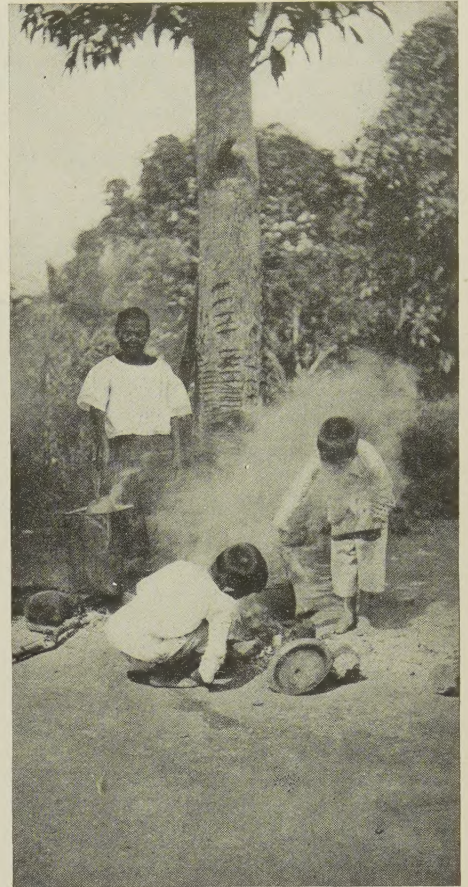
"Pretty big. The interpreter says it is one of the largest, as Siu's father is a great chief. All the people of this village live under this one roof. The Dyaks have always had to build homes like this for protection against neighboring villages because of a terrible custom that until lately they all followed."

"Tell me about it, please," said Geoffrey.

"A Dyak considered it an act of great bravery to go forth and kill another Dyak and bring home the head of the victim as a trophy. You see how much safer the people could be if they lived together under one shelter, don't you?"

"Yes, indeed," agreed the boy. "Is that why they built it so high up on posts? The floor is twice as high as you are, father."

"That is one reason, and another is that even on the hills the ground is wet, while at



COOKING CHOW IN BORNEO.

all seasons there are many crawling things about. Snakes can't as easily climb a ladder as they could cross a doorsill."

"But I don't see any staircase or ladder." Geoffrey looked much puzzled. They were near enough now to see that the house must be reached by some such means, as it stood fully twelve feet above the ground. There was a wide unroofed piazza across the entire length of the house, and then another portion that was roofed over. Door after door could be seen opening onto the roofed veranda. While Geoffrey was puzzling over the mode of ascent, Siu came running along the piazza and then, to his young visitor's amazement, seemed to walk right down the trunk of a tree to the ground. Sure enough, that was the usual way of going up and down stairs.

The tree trunk was notched so that it was very simple for Siu in his bare feet, but quite another proposition for boots. Geoffrey used his wits, however. His shoes and stockings off in a minute, he managed pretty well. His father followed suit, and soon both were walking along the piazza to the door of the room occupied by Siu's family. The interpreter explained that each family had a room and a certain portion of both piazzas for its special use.

We will enter the house in the next chapter of our story.

For Each Day.

BE firm, be true.

The winter's frost and the summer's dew
Are all in God's time, and all for you;
Only live your life and your duty do,
And be brave, and strong, and steadfast and true.

LUELLA CLARK.



THE BEACON CLUB

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Beacon Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

LINDEN, MASS.,
19 Maynard Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I think that the readers of *The Beacon* would like to know how the Howard Sunday school of the Bulfinch Place Church celebrated its Ninetieth Anniversary.

The Sunday school marched into the church singing the beautiful hymn "God is in His Holy Temple."

Rev. Christopher R. Eliot told how Friend Street Chapel was built in 1828, and was succeeded by Pitts Street Chapel in 1836, which was followed by Bulfinch Place Chapel in 1869.

Dr. Joseph Tuckerman began his work as minister-at-large on Dec. 3, 1826, in the upper room of Smith's Circular Building, which stood on the corner of Merrimac and Portland Streets. Here the Howard Sunday school met for the first time on Dec. 10, 1826, and continued until Friend Street Chapel was built.

Rev. Samuel Hobart Winkley became the minister of the society in 1854 and continued his active ministry until 1896 when he was made minister-emeritus. Rev. Christopher R. Eliot came to Bulfinch Chapel as associate minister and superintendent of the Sunday school in 1894 and upon Mr. Winkley's retirement became the minister of the church. Miss Merrill continued her ministry, also, until her death in 1897.

Grandmother's Spicy Stories.

NO. 10.

BY FAYE N. MERRIMAN.

"WHAT is that long thing?" Robert asked, eyeing the object upon grandmother's lap. "It looks like a string bean."

"It isn't a string bean," grandmother denied. "Have you forgotten that you asked me about vanilla last evening?"

Robert bent over the long pod. "Is this vanilla?" he asked. "What kind of a plant does it grow on?"

"Yes—it is vanilla. Did you ever hear of an 'orchid'?"

Robert thoughtfully frowned. "It's a plant that lives on air or something, isn't it?" he asked.

Grandmother laughed. "It is," she said drily. "Orchids have been called 'air plants' because they sometimes grow on trees without obtaining nutriment from them. The vanilla is attached to trees by what are called 'aërial rootlets.' The flowers are greenish white and the pods are from six to twelve inches in length and as wide as your finger. This one is about nine inches in length."

"Where does vanilla grow?" Robert asked.

"Like the cocoa tree its home is in Mexico, although it is grown in other places. Mexican vanilla, however, is said to be the best. Here clearings are made in the forest, leaving a few young trees for the support of vanilla plants. The pods take a month to grow to full size and six months longer to ripen. The pods must be picked at just the right time, as if they are too ripe they split open and if too green the color and fragrance is not satisfactory.

"Like the cocoa the vanilla beans must be sweated after they are gathered. They

At the close of this historical sketch we sang the hymn written by Rev. John Pierpont that was sung at the thirteenth and other anniversaries. Addresses were given by Mr. Hobart W. Winkley, Rev. Frederic M. Eliot, and Rev. Louis C. Cornish, Secretary of the American Unitarian Association. The service closed with the singing of Miss Merrill's favorite hymn, which is also the Frances S. Merrill Club song, "Make channels for the streams of love."

Sincerely yours,

CAROLYN H. FRITZ.
(Age 12 years.)

SANDIDGES, VA.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the El Bethel Methodist Church. I also attend the Sunday school there. Miss Mary B. Eubank is my teacher. I am seven years old. I get *The Beacon* and like the stories very much. I would like very much to join the Beacon Club and wear the button. I have two sisters and two brothers.

Yours truly,

HENRY GILBERT.

EDGEWATER, COL.,
2555 Benton Street.

Dear Miss Buck,—I would like to belong to the Beacon Club. I read *The Beacon* every Sunday. I think it is very, very interesting. I am fourteen years old. I go to the Divine Science Sunday school. Your stories are always very good.

HELEN TAYLOR.

are placed in heaps under a shelter until they commence to shrivel when they are wrapped in woolen cloth and exposed to the sun or heated in an oven during the day time and placed in air-tight boxes during the night. When the pods are a fine chestnut brown color they are dried in the sun for a long period. After being dried they are tied into packets and sent to the manufacturers to be used in the making of chocolate, perfumery, and into extract for our use in the kitchen."

Robert fingered the long pod longingly. "I've heard of some orchids selling for large sums," he remarked, "but I guess the vanilla is the most useful, isn't it?"

Grandmother nodded. "I think so," she answered. "You may have this one to put on your card, if you like."

"Thank you." Robert ran for the green card. "I'm going to have lots of things to remember when I'm eating," he exclaimed. "Just think how strange it is that things come from all over the world for us. We ought to be grateful, hadn't we, grandmother?"

"Indeed we should," nodded grandmother.

AN OBSERVING BOY.

This is a true story. Little Walter, whose father is a professor in a Middle West University, was scrutinizing his parents closely and said: "Father, you have such heavy eyebrows, and mother has hardly any! What are eyebrows for?" The father replied, impromptu, "Why, eyebrows are—er—eyebrows—they are to keep the sweat from getting into people's eyes, when they work hard." "But, father," protested Walter, "I don't see how that can be, for mother's would need to be many times heavier than yours." And father was lost in thought.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLI.

I am composed of 16 letters.
My 11, 6, 7, is what cows eat.
My 16, 2, 4, is a child.
My 1, 12, 5, 8, is a boy's name.
My 7, 15, 10, is the opposite of no.
My 9, 13, 14, is a kind of tree.
My 3, 12, 14, 9, is a place we all love.
My *whole* is a well-known Unitarian minister.

ELIZABETH WHITTEMORE.

ENIGMA XLII.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 2, 3, 11, is feminine.
My 5, 16, 6, is not young.
My 1, 2, 7, 9, is an adverb or conjunction.
My 2, 18, 8, 10, is a musical instrument.
My 4, 12, 16, 17, is one-tenth of a cent.
My 13, 14, 15, 5, 9, is a young branch of a family.
My *whole* is a popular magazine.

BEATRICE SCHADEE.

WAR-TIME ENIGMAS.

I.

My 4, 5, 1, which may be either a dog or a cat, goes through my 6, 2, 7, 3, many times a day; my *whole* sinks ships.

II.

My 7, 4, 1, is a support that is 3, 2, 6, 5, all the time; my *whole* is high in rank.

Youth's Companion.

CENTRAL ACROSTIC.

Behead and curtail five five-letter words leaving five three-letter words.

Behead and curtail these in turn and leave the name of a man whose music charmed the great.

1. A musical call—A kind of poem.
2. A platform—A label.
3. A number—Our first mother.
4. A backbone—A common fastener.
5. Pertaining to tides—A girl's name.

Exchange.

TWISTED FLOWERS.

- | | |
|---------------|--------------|
| 1. Tonacarin. | 5. Ate-oesr. |
| 2. Ladiah. | 6. Laticsem. |
| 3. Resta. | 7. Garmildo. |
| 4. Siyad. | 8. Nuaremig. |

RUTH FURLONG.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 17.

ENIGMA XXXVII.—Happy New Year to *Beacon* Readers.

ENIGMA XXXVIII.—Cornell University.

ADD O.—1. Man, moan. 2. Range, orange. 3. Pinion, opinion. 4. Bat, boat. 5. Lad, load. 6. Cot, coot. 7. Muse, mouse. 8. Vice, voice.

BEHEADINGS.—1. Hill, ill. 2. Swell, well. 3. Clean, lean. 4. Stall, tall.

TRANSPOSITIONS.—Heap, reap, leap, peal, pale, plea.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, EDITOR

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